

A New Hope

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Summary: "I never gave up hope though. As long as I am living I will not give up on anything. That's what Nonno taught us. " Feliciano knew that no matter what was thrown at him, he could not give up. But when the light starts fading, nothing else seems to matter. However, a certain boy helps him by offering a hand and a smile to pick him back up. Human AU, HRExChibitalia/Feliciano, GerIta

1. Part I

****Listen to "Forbidden Friendship" from the movie _How To Train Your Dragon_. That is the song that made this little story come to life.****

* * *

<p>A New Hope

Lightning struck the sky with a thunder clap resounding after it. The rain was falling atop the makeshift, metal roof of my alley-way home, creating a clinking sound. It was cold and awful and frightening.

My brother, Lovino, had left this morning to search for food and a better shelter if possible. He hasn't yet returned, but I pray for his safety. If only Nonno hadn't died. We would be living peacefully in our house, with a warm fire, and a heaping plate full of delicious pasta. And we would be happy.

My stomach growled at the prospect of food. I had to will it away since I had none and most likely would not get any for a little longer. Fratello and I ate the last pieces of fruit and stale bread yesterday evening. I took a cup that was stowed away one of the corners of the shelter that we called home. I stretched my arm out to fill it with the water that was falling and once it was almost full I drank it all. I do this multiple times until my shrunken stomach feels full, but still rumbles a little bit because of not having food

fill it instead.

The rhythmical pitter-patter of the raindrops was lulling me to sleep, eyes trying to remain open. Within minutes I lost the battle of staying awake. Maybe tomorrow fratello would return. Maybe things will get better.

* * *

><p>Days had passed since I last saw fratello. I cried and cried, wishing for his return.<p>

Since he hadn't come back, it was vital to get some food. I scrounged around the town, looking for any dropped change. I tried begging to some of the villagers, getting bits of food or currency from them. I probably looked like vagabond, but I did not care. I had to stay alive incase fratello comes back.

There was enough saved up to buy a small loaf of bread and a couple fruit. I put the items in the small sack that I carried around. In it held a change of clothes, a blanket, a little bowl, and pocket knife. They were the only things that I managed to take when we had to leave our old home.

Where Nonno, fratello, and I lived before was torn down after Nonno died. We were told to leave quickly or else we would be crushed under the falling debris when they tear it down. I grabbed the things I could that would be useful in my room, and ran to Nonno's old one to grab the pocket knife he left on the bedside table. Fratello did the same thing, and we ran from the house. We did not look back. It hurt too much to see all our memories there go to ruin.

We ended up running to another town for some reason. Fratello said it was so we could make a new start, build up again. I gave him a small smile and nodded, hoping for the best.

That was four weeks ago. Since then, we lived amongst the poor and the homeless.

I never gave up hope though. As long as I am living I will not give up on anything. That's what Nonno taught us.

Putting on a tough face, I marched towards the stream that ran near the town. I dipped a dirt-encrusted hand into the chilly, unalloyed water. The particles slowly flowed away, leaving clean skin in its wake. I dropped the sack and began to take off my worn shoes, dipping my bare feet in the water. I had not cleaned myself in a while, and I was beginning to get annoyed from it. I want to get rid of this trouble, even if it is only a small one compared to the others.

I took out the spare set of clothes in my bag to clean. I sniffed the fabric- it was disgusting. Soaking the cloth, I began scrubbing away at the grime. The original color was starting to return, a bright white. I laid everything in the sun to dry and took off the clothes I was wearing to clean them as well. Once done, they were put aside next to the others.

I dipped my whole body in the stream this time, body shivering a bit from the onslaught of the water. I scratched at my light brown hair, minding the curl that stuck out, to getting the dirt and things out

of it.

The streams was average depth- I could touch the bottom but swim in it with ease. I gotten used to the cool water now, and began doing such. Swim. It was relaxing, but I wish Nonno and fratello were with me; they would have liked it too. Tears start falling a bit down my face, the salty droplets mixing in with the stream.

About to slip into my sorrows, I heard a snap of a fallen branch behind me. I turned around suddenly in the water, keep low. I saw something scamper behind one of the tree trunks, hiding from my view.

I quickly got out of the water and put on my clothes. It was a little damp but it didn't matter. I took out the Nonno's knife, running towards the tree. "Y-you! Don't think you can hide!" My voice shook with nervousness. Usually it's fratello yelling at people, not me. Fratello was the brave one, not me. I always stood behind him.

"Okay, I understand. I did not mean to look." They came out from their hiding place, hands up. It was a boy slightly taller than me with golden blond hair and striking blue eyes. I have never seen such a person before. My mouth dropped in awe.

The knife almost fell out of my hand, but I made a tighter grip on it. My mouth shut and I brought up the knife, pointing it towards the boy. He jumped in surprise, not noticing it before. My voice still shook. "W-who are you?"

"People call me Roma. I'm sorry that I startled you. Usually no one is down hereâ€¦ Might I ask for your name?"

"I'm Felicianoâ€¦" I feel my cheeks burn slightly from embarrassment. He seems nice. He did apologize after all. "Sorry I y-yelled at youâ€¦"

Roma smiled slightly, walking towards me a little. "It's okay, you had the right to. So, what are you doing out here?"

"I came to wash my clothes and wash off a bit." I looked to the stream, checking to see if I got everything that I left out. Roma looked in the same direction, wondering what I was viewing.

"Well anyway, to make it up to you, would you like to eat dinner with me and my family? Would you mind?" He asked. My head turned to face him. Dinner sounded wonderful right now. Though instead of replying, my stomach growled as an answer. I blushed a bit more.

"Ha ha! I take that as a yes! Come on, my home is close to here." He grabbed my hand and we ran a little ways farther out of town. It was already dusk, a faint orange glow across the skyline.

We continued on for a few more minutes until we reached the front door of a beautiful house. It was very large, looming over me like a giant. Roma opened the door, yelling in, "Roderich! Elizabeta! I'm home, and I brought a guest!"

As I looked about the room, footsteps were heard coming down one of the hallways. A stiff fellow stepped into the entry way. A white

gloved hand pushed up his glasses, causing a glare from the light above to reflect off the lenses. His lips were turned into a frown. "Who is this young child, Roma?" The man's voice had an aristocratic tone. Truly of the rich and polished this man is.

"I have brought him here as an apology for startling him down by the river. It was rude of me, and I believe that dinner will suffice for my wrong-doing." Roma replied. He talked the same way this man did and it did not sound right for him. Roma seems about my age as wellâ€¦ Nonno always said that kids should act like kids and have fun so it bothered me a bit.

"Hm, alright then. He can stay for dinner. I'll have to alert the cook to prepare another meal." The man walked off, his purple velvet tailcoat flowing behind him as he went. I didn't think people wore those things anymore, but apparently they did.

Roma spoke, snapping my gaze from the noble gentleman. "That man was Roderich. He and his wife Elizabeta take care of me ever since my Opa died and my bruder couldn't take care of me. My bruder Gilbert is good friends with them, too. Childhood friends if I recallâ€¦"

He took my hand and guided me to the living room, I believe. It was very large and spacious. Not like Nonno's where all the furniture was close together and nice and cozy. Us three used to sit by the fire place during cold nights. Nonno would tell me and fratello stories of old or of his past. They were always funny or interesting, depending on what fancied Nonno at the moment.

There were paintings or old pictures hung up on the wall. One was of Roderich when he seemed to be younger. I had the urge to draw on it for some reason- it looked all serious and I wanted to change it. Then looking across the wall, there was a beautiful painting of Roderich and a lady with light, coffee colored hair above the grand fireplace. Her eyes were a shining green and pink flower sat in her hair. A smile was graced upon her lips and her hands were held in her lap. She was absolutely gorgeous. Smaller pictures, photographs, were either on the wall or sitting on side tables. The object of focus was the lady, Roma, Roderich and the lady, or all three of the people.

Roma pointed to the painting that sat overhead the fireplace. "That woman with Roderich in the painting is Elizabeta. She is the greatest and most wonderful person I have ever met. She treats me just like a mother would a child."

I never knew my mother. Nonno never said much about her and Lovino did not remember her. It doesn't bother me, really. As long as I had Nonno and fratello, I was happy.

But that's gone now. Nonno is gone and Lovino hasn't returned.

I feel the tears trying to breakthrough and I try to hold them back. My efforts go in vain as they droplets trickle down onto the carpeted floor. Roma turns around and stands there in shock.

I just miss them so much. Why did God have to take them away from me?

My knees cave in on me and I fall unceremoniously to the ground. I

feel so defeatedâ€¦|

Arms slowly wrap around me as I continue crying. Roma embraced me as I continued to cry, the tears soaking his black shirt. My hands clutched the fabric as if it were a lifeline. I didn't want to let go. I have not felt this warmth in a while, and I miss it.

My crying slows and I sniffle, nose clogged up. I use the hem of my shirt sleeve to dry my face a little more. Roma finally lets go and stands. A smile creeps to face and he sticks out his hand. I look on in wonderment.

"Feliciano, whatever troubles you I will try to sooth it away. I will lend you my shoulder to cry on if the moment arises. I will help you if you wish for the assistance. You are my friend now, you know. And friends support each other."

I look on in his eyes. They were sparkling like pure ocean water in the sunlight. My head turns down for an instant, letting everything digest. A friendâ€¦|

I lift my head up and take his hand. No one has ever done something like this for me. I start to cry again but his other hand reaches out to wipe the tears. "Don't cry now."

Standing up, I hug him. "Thank you, Roma. You have no idea how much this means to meâ€¦|"

I can feel him start to blush and I see his face turning a rosy pink. He stutters out, "Y-you're welcome F-Feliciano." I smile at him, laughing at his bashfulness. I had found a new ray of hope and I was truly grateful for it.

* * *

><p>That was day that I met Roma. Who knew that I would end up falling in love with the boy years later, becoming a forbidden love in my mind. And I wonder if he ever knew that without him, I probably would have never lived on, giving up on everything despite Nonno's advice.<p>

I just wonder where he is. I miss himâ€¦|

* * *

><p>Thank you very much for reading. I plan on uploading another chapter to go along with this. It probably won't be very long, but it may answers some things. I want to introduce Ludwig (who I believe was Holy Roman Empire, at say the reincarnation of him). And if Feliciano seems out of character, I am sorry. (Turkey did say that he was a tough little cookie when he was younger!) The setting of this is pretty much it's own thing. I wasn't focusing on that.

And is there a human name for HRE? I tried to find one but my search bared no fruit... So Roma is his name, or nickname!

**This is also not edited or anything. I don't have the time today and I really want to get this uploaded because it makes me happy to see people reading my stories. I'm grateful that you decided to read

this, actually! So, thank you again.**

**Please review, I want to know what you think! **

2. Part II

Hello! I have a few notes for you-

~Listen to "How to Your Dragon"- Where's Hiccup theme

~When you get down to the third break [((((OoO))))], start listening to the Romantic Flight theme of the same movie

I would put up links but they don't quite work when I put them on here... So please, just go on YouTube if you wish to listen to them as you read the story. Okay then, I did not look anything over so I hope this works. It did in my head at least (haha...ha...)

* * *

><p>A New Hope

Part II

It's been a decade since I last saw Roma. My last memory of him was a week after we celebrated his sixteenth birthday. The first year that we all celebrated together for his birthday- me, Roma, Roderich, and Elizabeta- I found out that he was only a year older than me. We became really close over the years.

Just about every day I would spend with him. Sometimes we would go into town with Elizabeta or listen to Roderich when he played the piano. Other times we would go down by the river where we met and just spend the whole day there. They were fun times and memories that I would never forget. I wish we had made more though.

Nowadays, I live in the same village. However, I live with Roderich and Elizabeta. This is because when Roma had asked me to take him where I lived, I said no. He asked why, and I told him that I didn't have one. Said I lived in one of the alleyways. When I said that, he dragged me to his house and told Roderich and Elizabeta. Both were surprised that I was living alone after all this time. Elizabeta gave me a tight hug and yelled at me for being stupid of not saying anything before. For the first time in a year, I had a family again.

While I still live with them, I work in town at a local restaurant. I make homemade pastas and other dishes. I became a favorite of the town's residents. Every day I would get greetings from people, sometimes small gifts. But I never got a "hello" from him. Roma was off somewhere in the world, fighting a war. That's why he left after he turned sixteen. He wanted to fight he said. Protect our country. But he never came home or sent a letter saying how he was. Not once.

It was late spring now. People are out in the fields keeping up with the crops or enjoying the nice weather. I can't enjoy anything though, not without him. Not anymore. I never did get to tell him I loved him before he left. I was too nervous to and I regret it.

To keep my mind distracted, I knead the freshly made dough that will soon turn into delicious pasta. People say I make the best.

(((((OoO))))))

"Hey, look!"

"It's soldiers!"

"What are they doing here?"

I peer out the window to see what the noise was all about. People were crowding into small groups along the side walk out of the soldiers' way. I abandoned the kitchen to get a better look. I heard someone say, "They're all just going to the base that's up a little ways, that's all." People nodded in understanding but still stayed to watch them pass by.

The men were all marching in a straight line by three's. Each had a stern, hard look on their face. Soldiers. _Romaâ€|_

I run up the side walk to the front of the line. Scanning each face for the golden hair and piercing blue eyes, I found none so far. I wasn't going to give up hope though. I've learned never to give up hope.

The next soldier I viewed was familiar. His hair was slicked back under his military hat with eyes slightly shading. Speed walking to catch up, I got a closer look. His hair was of goldenrod and shaded eyes of an electrifying blue.

It was him. It was Roma.

I reached out my hand to him, taking hold of his sleeve and dragging him out of line. He looked at me like I was crazy, but I was. I was crazy because he left me. I was crazy because he never wrote to me. I was crazy to love him.

I brought his face into my hands. My lightly flour-covered fingers grazed over his cheeks. Just like that day, tears started falling from my eyes. But I smiled. I smiled because I was happy to see him again.

However, he took my hands away from my face. His expression of was shock. I don't blame him though; he hasn't seen me in years. He thought for a moment, the clacking of boots emitting from behind him. Finally he spoke. "Who are you? Do I know you?"

My smile now drifted down. Devastated, I put my hands on his shoulders and pushed him back a little bit so he could get a better look at me. "R-Roma, it's me! Feliciano! Don't you remember?"

"No, I do not recall you. And I'm not called 'Roma'. My name is Ludwig." I slowly removed my arms from him.

"You're notâ€|Roma?" I didn't know what else to think. This man had to be him. They look so much alike. No one had those eyes! "No! You are Roma! You must be himâ€|" Not waiting for him to say anything, I

grab hold of his arm and drag him away in the direction of the mansion. He yelled for me to stop but I didn't.

About halfway there, he ripped his arm out of my grip. "What are you doing?! I'm not this 'Roma' guy, okay! I need to get back with my troop." The glare he was giving me frightened me, but I stood my ground.

"Please, once I show you to Elizabeta and Roderich you can go. I want them to see if you are really him. You could be him for all I know, and I'm not letting this chance pass me by!" Taking his arm in my hold again, I started running. He stumbled a bit, but managed to keep my pace easily.

We reached the door of the mansion and I slammed it open. I called out to Roderich and Elizabeta and received a reply coming from the living room. Making him follow me just a bit further, I found the two sitting on the couch. Roderich had a book in his hand and Elizabeta flipping through a cookbook, most likely finding new recipes for the cooks to use. They looked up from their books and their eyes widened. Elizabeta sprung up from the cushion and ran up to the Roma look-alike.

She put her face really close to his, looking into his eyes. I saw the serious look on her face slowly change into a relieved expression. She brought him into an embrace, even though he was a good foot higher than her. "Roma! You're home!"

Roderich had walked over now, a smile placed on his lips. "Welcome home, Roma."

The soldier looked especially confused now. "I am not this 'Roma' you people speak of! My name is Ludwig!" Elizabeta looked at him.

"You are him. I could never forget the look that was in his eyes before he left. And you have that look. Did something happen to you by chance? Something to cause amnesia?" She said. He thought about for minute.

"I don't know. Ever since the incident out in the field, I do not recall anything." He replied. Elizabeta nodded and brought over a photograph of Roma when he was younger.

She gave it to him to see. He inspected it closely and then put a hand over his eyes. "What's wrong?" Roderich asked.

"I don't know!" I brought him over to a chair and he settled into it. Hunching his back, he looked at the picture some more. Elizabeta brought another photograph over, an early group picture of all of us. He took it carefully and inspected it. After a moment, it dropped from his hands. I picked it up and handed it back to him.

"I know this person. I know her!" He pointed to me. He said "her" though. Is there someone that looks like me that he knows?

The soldier reached into his pocket to take out an old, leather wallet. He opened it up and there was a picture on the inside. "This is her. I've had this photograph for a long time. When I was in the hospital, the nurse said that this was in my uniform when the medics brought me there. She told me it was a good luck charm now, since I

apparently almost died before I arrivedâ€|"

He took the photograph out of its holder and handed it to Elizabeta. She smiled and passed it to me. I looked at it and it was a picture of me in one of Elizabeta's old dresses, sitting by the stream. I was about 11 at the time if I remember correctly. She thought I would look cute in one of her dresses so she put one on me.

When she did, I looked in the mirror and she squealed, "Oh! You look so adorable!" She told me to wear it for the rest of the day so she could take various pictures. I said it was alright and went off to find Roma, who was in the study reading.

I called out to him, asking if he wanted to go down by the river to play. He closed the book and was about to say yes until he saw me. He started stuttering, saying random things. I didn't know why though. I wear night gowns and he was used to seeing me in them, so why did a dress matter?

Finally he told me I looked nice and took my hand so we could go down to the stream. Elizabeta followed after, taking pictures of us holding hands. Making it down to the river, Elizabeta had stated that I should sit by the river- it would be a nice shot. I did as she said and snapped a picture or two. Then she told Roma to sit next to me for the next pose and repeated the process of taking the photographs.

She watched us play for a while and decided it was time to go back for dinner. That night she developed the photos, giving a copy of the pose with just me to Roma, it seemed.

Returning to the present now, I instantly hugged him, this man named Ludwig. "My Romaâ€| How I missed you." I started crying just like the first day we met. But this time, instead of losing someone, I gained someone. The tears I shed were salty, but sweet as well. Not bitter with anguish.

"Felicianoâ€|" He hugged me back and brought me into his lap. Elizabeta grabbed onto Roderich's arm, leaning her head against him. He led her and himself out to give us privacy. I was grateful to him.

We were alone now. I grabbed hold of the soldier's face, looking him in the eye. "How come your name is 'Ludwig' now? Why not 'Roma'?" He stared at me, seeming to be wondering himself.

"It was the name that was on my identification card. Truthfully, I don't know why it is 'Ludwig' now. But I am used to it."

"Would you like for me to call you 'Ludwig' then?" He nodded, much to my disappointment. But he gave reasoning to back up his choice.

"Only because I am used to that name now. Ludwig is what they call me in the military; therefore I should keep that as my title to prevent confusion."

I said it was fine and that I would call to him as 'Ludwig' then on. "But you are still my Roma, you know."

"I know. I may not remember the memories from back then, but they seem to be slowly returning with the time I spend with you. At least, that's what the case is like right now."

Sitting on his still, I curled up a bit to get more comfy. He wrapped his arms around my shoulders to bring me closer in. I kissed him on the cheek and he blushed, matching the color of red velvet. I giggled as he averted his eyes. "I wanted to that for a long time now. I just never got the chance. I was always so embarassassed to do so~"

It was my turn to blush this time. I looked into my hands, watching as I played with my fingers. "I-I've always loved you, you know. When you left, my heart felt broken because I couldn't tell you. Every day I wondered when you would come back so I could tell you. To tell you that I love youâ€¦"

Ludwig looked at me with gleaming eyes. He smiled at me and kissed me on the lips. It was the most breath-taking thing that I have ever experienced.

We were like that for a few seconds then quietly broke apart. I looked at him with wide eyes. "What was that for?"

"To say, 'I love you, too.'"

We kissed again. It was sweet and loving- blissfully perfect.

(((((OoO))))

A year had passed now, and Roma- or should I say Ludwig- was home again. When we met up again, he had to go back out to fight. He promised me he would return and he kept it. Both of us had moved into our own house together that was built next to Elizabeta's and Roderich's home. Elizabeta gave us the idea to, saying it was what "newly-weds should do". I was confused at the statement, since me and Ludwig were not married, but Ludwig seemed to understand, if his red face gave anything away from it that is.

While Ludwig was still away at war, though, another surprise came.

Fratello had returned.

He came to town apparently with a Spanish man, looking for me. At first, the villagers thought that he was me and gotten angry at that. Let's just say he ended up smacking a man with a loaf of bread because of it. So he ended up in jail for a bit. The Spanish man, who I learned was named Antonio, had politely gone around asking the villagers for me. Sooner or later, I found fratello and profusely hugged him and cried.

I asked him where he was all these years and told me that he was caught and sold into an underground slave trade situation. Fortunately, after a year he escaped and was found by Antonio and his family. They brought him in and allowed him to live with them. They lived in a far off country, which hindered traveling to here. It cost a lot of money, he said. But after a while, he saved up and planned the trip to find me. Antonio was told to tag along to protect him. It wasn't for a long time that they ended up here.

"I didn't know if you got into the same situation as I did or moved to another town. So tomato-bastard and I here searched all over for you. Took a while, but I found you!" Afterwards, they decided to stay in town a little bit. They didn't plan what to do once they found me.

I told Lovino about Roma, who is now Ludwig. I told him everything from the day we had first met up to when we were reunited. He wasn't very happy about Roma leaving me. Actually, he was fuming. I tried to calm him down but Antonio managed to.

Over the time that fratello and Antonio were here, I learned that they were a couple. I caught them once down by the stream with Antonio holding Lovino in his arms. Fratello had a blush so red it matched a tomato. You can tell that they love each other though, and it makes me happy that Lovino found his own love.

(((((OoO))))

After the war ended, Ludwig was able to stay with me. I stuck to his side no matter what. I still had my job at the restaurant and he would come in during lunch hour to grab a cup of coffee and a sandwich. I always brought his food out for him. From the kitchen opening I would peek at him every now and then. Sometimes he would catch me and tell me to keep working! I would start laughing at him.

Every day has been interesting. Memories of the past were continuing to reoccur in Ludwig's mind in the little things that we do, like going down to the stream or walking around town together. Little things, but important just the same to us.

It was a regular day. I had the day off and so did Ludwig from his engineering job in town. We spent the day walking around town, shopping at a few shops. I picked up a loaf of bread and we shared some of it. I gave the rest to some of the children that ran around town.

We had made our way down to the stream. It was still our secret place after these years. I was extremely grateful no one else ever found it. To me, it was a paradise.

"I love spending days like these with you, Luddy~" I said. 'Luddy' was my new nickname for him. He got embarrassed the first time I called him that but he soon gotten used to it. However, he seemed to never get used to my personality.

"Me too, Feli," He replied. Besides me calling him Luddy, he dubbed me 'Feli'. I thought it was cute.

I grabbed his calloused hand and entwined our fingers together. My head leaned against his shoulder and I shut my eyes in happiness. He squeezed my hand to give me his acknowledgement. We stood like that for some time until he broke the silence. "Felicianoâ€¦ I have something to tell you."

I got slightly nervous at his statement. Facing him, I looked up, body shaking slightly. "What is it, Luddy?" I asked.

"It's nothing to be nervous about, you know. I-it's just something I wanted to tell you for a while nowâ€¦" Relaxing some, I told him to go on. My curiosity was at its peak right now. What did he want to tell me? I didn't know.

"I have loved you for a long time now. Really long time. When I had that photograph with me, I thought, 'This is my hope to live on. I can't give up now, not after being blessed with a second chance. When this war is over, I shall meet her and thank her.' And now that I have finally found 'her' I wish to say thank you. For all the hope that you have given me through the years." He grabbed both of my hands and brought them to his lips to kiss them softly. He continued on.

"This love I have for you has grown deep, embedding itself in my heart. You have made a space there and I do not see it disappearing anytime soon. I've fallen in love with your personality, your contagious laugh, your smilesâ€¦everything about you I love. I wish to spend every day like this, here with youâ€¦"

My eyes went wide as I saw him pull out a velvet box. He got down on one knee and opened it, a diamond ring settled in the white pocket.

"But in order to that, I need to know if you are willing to stay with me. Soâ€¦Will you marry me, Feliciano?" He looked at me with pure, although nervous, blue eyes.

I didn't know what to say. It was as though every single word had left me. But, I had an answer for him. I gave it the way I knew best.

I dropped down and hugged him with every fiber of my being. I nodded into his shoulder. He hugged me back, happy about my answer. We released each other and he took the ring out, slipping it onto my left ring finger. I looked at it in the setting glow of the setting sun. It was beautiful.

"Thank you, Ludwig. You do not understand how happy I am."

"I'm sure I can. I just proposed to the love of my life and he accepted. Do you think I am not as happy?" He started laughing and I did too. We stared at each other, love in our eyes. We leaned in, our lips touching. I wrapped my arms around his neck and his went around my waist. Lips still locked, he picked me up, holding me bridal style.

"Hey! This is good practice for our wedding day!" I laughed and he smiled at me, full of love.

"I guess you're right. Shall we practice our kiss as well?" The loving smile morphed into a mischievous smirk. Oh, how sharp this man is!

"I don't knowâ€¦Should we?" Ludwig nodded and our lips met once again with passion.

Surely we couldn't be any happier. And I hope that we can live forever together.

* * *

><p>Um, was it good? Please review so I know what you think!
This story hasn't gotten many views and whatnot but it's okay! I
enjoyed writing it.

****Thank you, amichalap, for faving and following it! I really
appreciate it. I hope you enjoyed this chapter :D****

End
file.